

VOLUME XIX. No. 8

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NOVEMBER 25, 1928

HONOR is to be paid to your great-grandmother and mine by the erection of a picturesque statue, in bronze, at Ponca City, Oklahoma, by Mr. E. W. Marland, himself of pioneer heritage and a lover of the days of the covered wagon.

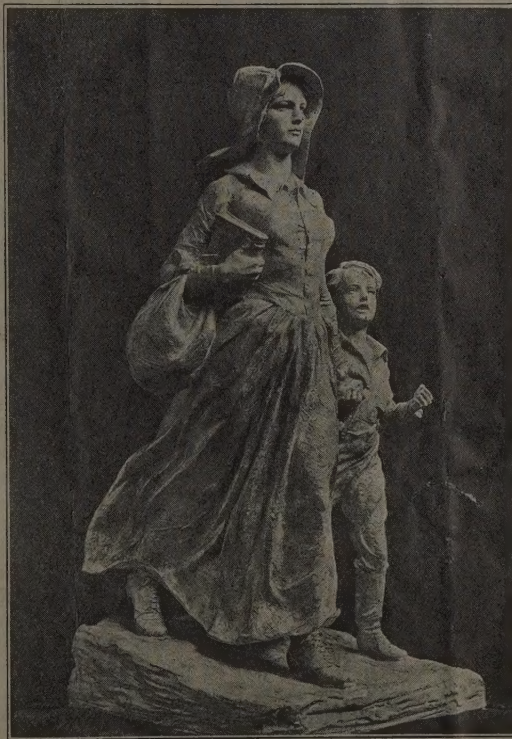
Believing that in markers and monuments the brave men of those early days of settlement had been fittingly honored, he set in motion a plan to commemorate the brave mothers who accompanied their families over new trails to turn wild lands into seats of civilization.

The bronze figure will be thirty feet in height and situated upon a small hill so that it will be visible for many miles. It is of added interest to know that it will be situated upon a bit of land once owned by the Cherokee tribe and the last of the free public land ever opened to settlers. On this historic spot the picturesque statue which silently tells the story of the days when America was young, will stand looking down the trail over which the covered wagon creaked westward, and several acres adjoining will be made into a park.

The choosing of a design for this figure was done by a method unique in art circles. Mr. Marland offered a substantial sum to all who would compete in making what to each one seemed to be the typical mother of covered-wagon days. Last spring the miniature statues were shown in New York and the twelve best were started on a tour of the larger of the American towns. Here a popular vote was taken by the people as to which figure was most true to the facts of history. The choice fell to the idea of Bryant Baker, a young artist of New York, who was of English birth but an American by choice. His figure was that of a sturdy young mother, in one hand clasping the Bible, while the other holds the hand of her small son. The sunbonnet falls from her head, the homely cape and plain dress speak of the homespun which her own fingers have woven and fashioned, while her boots are of rawhide, made

In Praise of the Women of Long Ago

By Leah Adkisson Kazmark



Courtesy of Bryant Baker, Sculptor

THE PIONEER WOMAN

for service, with no thought of style. In her eyes is the vision of the work there lies before her, and faith in God radiates from her strong, capable features.

Mr. Baker has made many other statues, among them a recent one of Calvin Coolidge. But that of the pioneer woman promises to bring him fame and place him among the noted artists of this land.

"There are no new worlds to conquer,
Gone is the last frontier
And the steady grind of the wagon train
Of the sturdy pioneer."

So the poet has told us that old days and old ways are gone forever in the changing march of progress. But the memory of the pioneer mother remains with all who honor the days of early American life. All over the land her influence continues, though she herself is gone. Worker, mother, teacher, preacher, — she was all these to her family and community. In the log cabins she laid the foundation of the culture of today. She had faith, hope, and vision of what the morrow for her children would be. In every way she is worthy of honor and loving remembrance.

The Thanksgiving Ride

By Ruby Holmes Martyn

JANET had traveled a long, long distance from the city where she lived, to spend Thanksgiving at the Allen homestead. All her uncles and aunts and cousins were coming there to keep this feast of gratitude with Grandfather and Grandmother. This was the first year Janet had joined the family party and she was greatly excited to think of meeting so many people she had not seen since she was so young that she could hardly remember them. But eagerly as she had looked forward to seeing the three boy cousins who lived on a farm near the homestead, she found

herself greeting Paul and Ray and Ethan shyly when they came to. Grandfather's house soon after she arrived there Thanksgiving Eve. She had never imagined her cousins would seem like such big, strange boys.

"I guess you're pretty tired after such a long ride in the train," said Paul kindly.

"I think it is going to snow before morning," said Ray, who had heard grown-ups speak about the weather when they didn't know what to say and meant to be polite.

"Then I can have a truly sleigh ride!"

cried Janet, all at once forgetting that these three cousins had seemed like stranger boys. "I've wished and wished it would snow so I could have a real sleigh ride while I'm here."

"But the roads are cleaned right off down to the ground with a tractor plow so people can get out with autos every day," explained Ethan proudly. "I didn't see a sleigh out all last winter."

Janet tried hard not to show how greatly disappointed she was, but Paul guessed about that when he saw her red lips quiver while his brother was speaking.

"Grandfather has kept the old sleigh where it's handy to get out," said Paul. "We'll see what happens in the morning, Janie," he promised.

"But we're—" began Ethan.

Paul gave him so meaning a look that he stopped short in confusion.

"I'm sure you'll make something nice happen in the morning," declared Janet. "And I won't expect a sleigh ride for another single minute!"

"We're going to chase off home now, so you'll go to bed and get rested for tomorrow," said Ray.

"But we've only just commenced to get acquainted," objected Janet.

"We'll be back bright and early in the morning," promised Paul.

"It's beginning to snow now," cried Ray, when the three boys were trudging along the road toward their home. Ray had felt a flake strike his face. Though the clouds had been thick when they went toward Grandfather's, the boys had not thought the storm would begin quite so soon as this. Now, when his brother spoke, Paul turned on the flashlight he carried, and they all saw that the snowflakes were thickening in the still, chilly air.

"Then we'll be able to ski up to the Cabin with food for the birds," cried Ethan. The boys all had new skis, and they had been eagerly waiting for some snow to try them on. "Why didn't you want me to tell Janet we'd planned to go to the Cabin in the morning to tend the bird shelters?"

The boys had built bird shelters and feeding places among the trees near the old wood-choppers' cabin on Indian Hill.

"I didn't want you to tell Janet because it wouldn't be polite to think only of ourselves when she wishes to go sleighing," explained Paul. "She's a nice cousin, and it's up to us to give her a good time while she is here!"

"But we can't take her sleigh-riding on bare roads," objected Ray.

"I've something besides space inside my skull," said Paul. "I'll hitch Jerry to the sleigh, and we'll ride up to the shelter. If we can't go fast up the cart path, we'll get there and the bells will jingle while we're moving."

"I'm going with you!" cried Ray.

"I suppose I will, too," added Ethan.

Morning Prayer

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

For morning air
So fresh and sweet;
For Nature's share
In all we meet;
For home and health,
For love and friends,
For strength and patience
Which He sends—

We lift our hearts in praise!

"Wish we had more stuff ready to carry up for the birds."

"I've been thinking we'd have to chip in to buy a whole bag of grain after I got my egg money next week," said Paul.

When Janet looked out of the window the next morning, she saw that the world was covered with snow that gleamed like diamonds and pearls in the rising sunshine. Now and then gusts of wind lifted clouds and wave crests of the feathery particles. And her three cousins were coming across the fields on their new skis, each carrying a burlap bag slung over his shoulder. At the bottom of the bags was such hay seed and gleanings as they had been able to get together for the birds until they could purchase the wanted grain.

"May we take the sleigh and old Jerry, please?" Paul asked his grandfather.

"Why, yes," consented Mr. Allen; "but the tractor plow went along the road before daylight this morning, and I don't believe Janet will want to go sleighing on bare ground."

"I thought we could sleigh up to the old Cabin to feed the birds," explained Paul. "Janet would like that."

"I'll get out the old buffalo robe to wrap her up warm enough," said Grandmother.

While Janet ate her breakfast the boys cleaned out the old sleigh and hitched the trusty bay horse between the shafts. Grandmother brought the warm, brown buffalo robe for them to use. The old sleigh was almost as staunch and strong as it had been the day Great-grandfather Allen had built it of oak and hickory timbers that had been cut and seasoned on the home farm. And the bells jingled musically as Jerry trotted across the yard.

"I'm pretty grateful for belonging to our folks!" cried Paul.

Grandfather had come out of the house with Janet.

"Long's you're going with the sleigh, I'll give you a full bag of grain to take along up to the Cabin. You can keep it in storage to use during the winter," said Grandfather, when Paul stopped the sleigh beside him. "I guess the birds'll like to know it's Thanksgiving. They've helped me around the place all summer, and I'd be glad to have them understand that I appreciate it!"

"I'm certainly grateful to belong to our folks," repeated Paul as he drove old Jerry up along the cart path toward the Cabin and the bird shelters on Indian Hill. The full bag of grain Grandfather had given them lay in the bottom of the sleigh at their feet, and the four cousins had managed to crowd snugly together on the seat with the warm old buffalo robe tucked around them.

Janet clapped her hands. This was a more delightful sleigh ride than she had imagined that even a sleigh ride could be. The bells jingled softly, and the woods were like fairyland with the tree-limbs and bushes bending beneath the weight of the fleecy white blanket. She couldn't see a sign of a path ahead, yet Paul could find the way without a bit of hesitation! There were birds in the trees; the boys showed her a quail and two deer, and fox tracks in the snow.

"That's part of Thanksgiving, Paul," she said thoughtfully. "It's a big, big part of Thanksgiving to be truly grateful for dear own folks!"

Book Notes

By ELSIE LUSTIG

THE WHITE PLUME OF NAVARRE is a delightfully exciting story written by Mr. Russell Gordon Carter who was at one time editor of *The Beacon*. The book is about the adventures of Philip La Fere and the Marquis of Louvois, who are great friends, with one thing in common — both are Huguenots, and both in great danger of persecution from the king of France. We are introduced to the white plume of Navarre in the beginning of the story when Philip meets the Marquis de Florac who shows him the tip end of the white feather that Henry of Navarre wore at the battle of Ivry, and on many state occasions. "I value this," he explains, "because it is symbolic of the three most noble qualities inherent in Henry of Navarre, — courage, tolerance and magnanimity." This plume is an emblem of luck which guides Philip and "Adair" — as he learns to call his friend — through many thrilling fights and escapes. Saint-Marly is a real villain and comes into the tale often, trying to slay the two boys, and at the end of the book the boys are taken prisoners and forced to work on a plantation, each not knowing that the other is near at hand. Finally, after many more battles they escape as fugitives in a rowboat and are taken on board the *Martha Dell*. Again they are captured by Saint-Marly whom Adair finally kills. The story ends in America where the boys have fled with their families. Philip is preparing to enter Harvard, and Adair is with him, hoping some day that he may marry Philip's sister, Germaine. And now two messengers come from the king of France, begging for the white plume of Navarre

(Continued on page 32)

The Little Lady who Lost Herself

By May Justus

Chapter Two

"WELL," said The Little Lady softly to herself as she looked all about her, "here I am, and now what am I going to do?" There did not seem to be any answer to this question all at once, and so The Little Lady dug her toe into the grass and began to look quite blue. Then she remembered the gay little song that Bubbles had taught her, and she began to hum it as merrily as she could. It helped her the first time she hummed it so she kept on humming it under her breath while she stood thinking about what she was to do next. And then around a scrubby bush, a little black dog came, wagging.

"Oh, oh!" cried The Little Lady. "Where did you come from, Doggie? I wonder if you have started out to find something to do just as I have. Or perhaps you are lost and are trying to find your owner. I wish that you could talk and tell me what you want to do. Perhaps we could do it together."

By this time the small black dog had wagged a greeting to The Little Lady and was wagging his way on down the path that went beyond some trees. It was plain that he was on his way somewhere and The Little Lady thought she might as well follow him.

"He may be a lost dog," she thought; "but he is no worse off than I am, for I am beginning to think that I am lost myself. If that is true I may as well follow the lost dog and then we shall be company for each other." The small black dog had stopped and was looking back as if he meant to say, "Come along — please do." So The Little Lady hurried up and caught up with him. Then they went along the little path together and as they went The Little Lady hummed the bit of tune that Bubbles had taught her. She liked to sing it, for it made her feel unafraid.

"What if I am lost," she demanded of herself. "It does not hurt — not a bit. Besides I feel more like a story-book lady than ever before. And in the story books when someone gets lost it is a sign that something very, very interesting is about to happen. I shouldn't be at all surprised if something interesting did happen all at once to us, would you?" she asked to the dog.

"Yip-Yap," was the reply.

"So keep your eyes ahead of you, and stop looking at me so much of the time," advised The Little Lady.

"Sniff — sniff," was the suspicious answer of the small black dog who was looking at The Little Lady all the time now, or rather — to tell the exact truth — in the direction of a certain pocket.

"Oh," said The Little Lady at last, "I

wonder — yes, I am sure of it. You are hungry, poor little doggie, and you smell my cinnamon rolls. You shall have something more than a smell, I promise you." And she dived into her pocket and brought out the little cinnamon rolls the cook had given her before she left the house. There were just three.

The sight of them made The Little Lady a bit hungry herself, or perhaps the walk had already made her hungry and the fragrant cinnamon rolls only reminded her of it, but at any rate hungry she was and she took a teeny-weeny bite out of the largest cinnamon before she gave



"So keep your eyes ahead of you and stop looking at me so much of the time."

it to the small black dog. She might have taken two, but how could she when there he stood pleading for it with his eyes a-glow and his long tail a-wag? Down went the roll at one gulp, and then — more yip-yaps and more wags!

"There are two more cinnamon rolls in my pocket," she told the dog frankly, "but it's early in the morning yet, and if I give them to you all at once what in the world do you think you are going to have for dinner?"

"Yip — Yap!"

"Besides it is not good manners to show such a greedy appetite," said The Little Lady rather severely to him. "You don't want me to think that of you, do you?"

"Yip — Yap — Yippity-Yap!" was the reply, but The Little Lady shook her head at him most reprovingly and put the other two cinnamon rolls back into her pocket out of sight if not out of smell. She was now feeling much more hungry than at first, but she simply could not eat one of the rolls with the small dog's eyes bent upon her.

"He may not have had a scrimption of breakfast," she thought. "He doesn't look as if he had any."

The Little Lady had never gone without a breakfast in all her life, but she had read about hungry people in the story books.

"And then when someone is almost starving," she told the dog, "why a fairy appears and says: 'Wishes three!' so that the hungry person may have anything he wants to eat. Or sometimes one happens suddenly upon a tree bearing all sorts of goodies like plum cake and cookies and nuts and candy. If you had a mind to it," she continued, "why, you might keep your eyes ahead of you and see something happen first."

But the small black dog seemed altogether uninterested in the prospect of meeting up with a fairy or a wonderful tree bearing goodies. He continued to sniff hungrily and to cast wishful glances at The Little Lady's pocket.

But a minute later he gave a sharp bark and bounded forward. The Little Lady followed him as fast as her legs would carry her and around a turn of the path she came upon him capering about a white kitten. He was not trying to hurt the kitten nor did the kitten seem to be at all afraid of him, but purred and rubbed against the small black dog as if it were glad to see him.

"Kitty! Kitty!" exclaimed The Little Lady putting out a hand to stroke its fur. "Oh, how soft and white and dear you are!" she cried, taking it up into her arms. "I wonder if you belong to anyone," she said softly. "If you don't belong to anyone else, I want you to belong to me."

The little white kitten snuggled against The Little Lady's breast and seemed quite content. The small black dog ran ahead, wagging his tail, and the three went on together.

"I am not a bit afraid, I am not at all lonesome," said The Little Lady. "I have you two for good company, and if I am lost and you are lost, why it's not so bad, for we have one another!"

"Purr — Purr," said the white kitten softly.

"Yip — Yap!" cried the black dog delightedly, and then The Little Lady began humming her bit of tune again and they followed the little path on over the hill.

All at once the path made another turn and around it The Little Lady caught sight of a poor, little, old tumble-down cottage standing like someone lost in a patch of wild berry vines. The windows were all out and the door hung out on its hinges as if it were tired of swinging any longer.

"This looks like a certain place I have seen before," said The Little Lady. "I forget just this minute what story book it is in, but I could find it in a twinkling

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THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

142 PAUL GORE ST.,
JAMAICA PLAIN,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to join the Beacon Club and to wear its pin. I am thirteen years old and am in the first year of High school. I enjoy *The Beacon* immensely. I go to the Jamaica Plain Unitarian Church; the minister's name is Rev. Mr. Holmes; my teacher is Miss Gleason.

Sincerely,
BERTHA YOUNG.

UNDERWOOD, MINN.

Dear Editor: I should like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade at school. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Moen and my minister's name is Rev. Mr. Helsing. I should like some girls of my age to write to me.

Sincerely yours,
HILMA MOEN.

114 STATE ST.,
WINDSOR, VT.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club; I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I go to All Souls Unitarian Church of Windsor, Vt. I would like to correspond with some other members of the Club.

Very sincerely,
HOWARD STEARNS.

12 BENT TERRACE,
QUINCY, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and be able to wear its pin. I attend the First Parish Church. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Johnson. I will be nine next month. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

Sincerely yours,
BARBARA MURRAY.

GARRISON RD.,
HINGHAM CENTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. I would also like to wear its pin. I wish you would send me one. I am a member of the First Parish Church, Hingham. I have enjoyed the Beacons very, very much.

Yours sincerely,
FRANCIS TEWKESBURY.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Book Notes

(Continued from page 30)

which he wishes to own himself. But this has been a token to Philip and Adair throughout all their trials and adventures. They will never part with it. And so the messengers go back, and The White Plume of Navarre stays with those to whom it has brought "courage, magnanimity, tolerance, victory and honor." This book is published by the Volland Company and illustrated cleverly and appropriately by Beatrice Stevens. Those of you who like thrills and adventure will certainly enjoy every word of it.

Is your name Peggy? If it isn't, probably you already know one or two girls by that name. Well, here is another. PEGGY TAKES A HAND, by Gladys Allen, is a book particularly interesting to older girls. Peggy is a high school girl, friendly and popular, who just seems to have the knack of finishing anything she undertakes to do. She takes a hand in the financial troubles of the Tinney family, who have a mortgage and no money to pay it with. She does all sorts of things in this time, from peddling tin and finding lost dogs to becoming a concert manager. And in the end of the story Peggy has brought happiness not only to many of her friends, but to herself, also. This book is illustrated by G. B. Cutts, and is also published under the auspices of Miss May Massee of the Doubleday-Doran Company.

The Little Lady who Lost Herself

(Continued from page 31)

if I had all the books on the high book shelf."

Out of one front window appeared a tangled head, a pair of blue eyes and a freckled face. The Little Lady stopped right in her tracks. Could it be — was it possible — a fairy?

"Come on," said the voice belonging to the face. "You can slip through the crack in the door quite easily if you stoop a little, and you can let the dog and cat come in their own way."

"Purr," said the kitten, scrambling down.

"Yip," said the dog, running ahead. "Oh," said The Little Lady, and she followed them inside.

(To be continued)

Puzzlers

Anagram Verse

Meco ilt ot a guos orf het varshet
Stanivgginkh dan ronoh nad spaire
Orf lal hatt eth nobtifulu grive
Athh engiv ot dalgend uro yads.

J. W. C.

Flower Verse

Sweet William called on fair,
She blushed a rosy;
And when he to be his
Sat down to sigh and think.

But when he dear,
He said it would disgrace him,
And unless he left at
The surely chase him.

—Firelight.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 6

Pyramid Puzzle.—

U
rNs
still
staTuel
ikefAceth
eoldfRontla
wnandIsilverli
keshineAtnighti
nfullmoonNsglowing

Missing Vowels.—They emended the text when she, extremely esteemed, emerged, very enfeebled.

2. They, the eldest eleven, went West when they were sent elsewhere.

3. Looms won't go north now, for snow follows snow for months.

Anagram Verse.—Now there is always more to learn;
How history does grow!

And every year brings something new

Which children ought to know.

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